Popo's Virginia Campaign. Students of the civil war are materially indebted to the Massachusetts Military Historical Society for the publication in book form of a series of papers on The Virginia Campaign of General Pope (Ticknor & Co.). The subject has been kept in the focus of attention by the revision of the judgment in the case of Gen. Fitz John Porter, to whom deserved but tardy reparation has been made. Since most of these papers were read before the society much new evidence relating to Pope's campaign and to Porter's part in it has been brought out, while at the same time much of the testimony formerly accessible has been subjected to rigorous scrutiny and placed in new lights. It is not a little ereditable to the authors of the papers here collected that, although lacking the assistance derivable from materials since produced, they should yet have arrived in many instances at conclusions coincident with those arrived at by the Board of Review and sanctioned by the most instructed and authoritative opinion. Not all, however, of the thirteen essays presented in this volume are of equal merit-that, course, was not to be expected-and we commend to the reader as of special interest and value some comments by Col. THEODORE LYMAN on the attitude of Gen McCiellan toward Gen. Pope in August, 1862, an account of some phases of the Pope campaign by Mr. JOHN C. ROPES, and some observa tions by the last-named writer on the hearing of the case of Fitz John Porter based on the new facts elicited as well as on the old facts sifted pefore the Board of Inquiry convened by

order of Gen. Sherman for the purpose of re-

viewing the judgment of the court martial.

But while we shall pay particular heed to cer-

tain features of the papers mentioned, we can

assure investigators of the history of our civil

war, still in the course of clarification, that the

whole contents of this volume deserve a care-

ful perusal.

The brief article by Col. Theodore Lyman ! a review of two reports read to the Massachusetts Military Historical Society by Col. Franklin Haven, Jr., and Gen. Stephen M. Weld, on the conduct of Gen. McClollan at Alexandria, In August, 1862, the discussion of this subject inevitably involving some remarks upon the case of Fitz John Porter. This summing up by Col. Lyman will, we think, strike the reader as a singularly cogent example of military criticlam when the fact is kept in view that he was writing in 1877, or three years before the Sherman board of reinquiry was convoked. To his exposition of the elements of the problem to be solved we have only one objection to offer. Col. Lyman says that in any discussion of Pope's Virginia campaign Gen. McCletlan is on trial as well as Gen. Porter, although the latter only was court-martialled. That is true, but we that suggestion, which seems needed, we cannot do better than to quote a part of Col. Lyman's synopsis of the promises and then pass to his induction. The general factors of the problem are thus enumerated: "1. A United States army commanded in chief by three persons de facto or de hure, viz., the President, the Secretary of War, and Gen, Halleck. Of these two were without military education and sin-gularly wanting in a soldier's instinct; the third, a man of strong intellect and the best military training, had slender ability as a strategist, and none at all as a field fighter. 2. Two beaten armies-one of which was mov ing in all haste by water from the peninsula to Alexandria to reenforce the other. 3. Two commanders in the field-Pope and McClellan the former an officer of courage and energy d not devoid of capacity, but so bombastle and so destitute of saroir fair as to alienate his subordinates; the latter conspicuous for the three talents of organization, strategy, and personal influence, yet lacking the qualities of a field fighter. There were, then, three incompetent Commanders-in-Chief at Washington, dealing out office strategy by tolograph; two com manders in the field distrustful each of the other, and two beaten armies not yet come together; the whole in presence of an enemy active and united and full of revolutionary ardor." This would, then, be regarded by Col. Lyman as one of those cases "where it might be stated à priori that nothing but confusion mismanagement, recrimination, and final dissued, and the question which the author proceeds to examine is, did McClellan or Porter arr through wilful disabediance of orders—the inquiry as to want of capacity being waived? After setting forth his reasons in detail Col. Lyman affirms roundly that the four charges against Porter were not proved and that the sentence of the court martial ought to be reversed. On the other hand, he is of the opin ion that Gen. McCiellan did disobey the orders of Halleck in retarding the advance of Frank lin's corps from Aug. 28 to Aug. 29. It is not. indeed, disputed that McCiellan may have had what seemed to him good reasons for holding a strong reserve near the capital, but that is a line of inquiry upon which Col. Lyman does not enter. He confines himself to the plain question of fact, Did Gen, McCiellan obey orders? and this he answers in the negative.

Let us now look at the view of the same much debated topics taken by another writer of undisputed competence and authority in military history and criticism. Mr. John C. Ropes does not, indeed, in two papers read in on Pope's Virginia campaign, allude to the disobedience imputed to Gen McCiellan. He places the responsibility for the miscarriage of the Federal operations where we believe it mainly lies, on the shoulders of the field commander. He does not, to be sure, deny to Gen. Pope, as there was at one time a tendency to do, even "the merit of courage, energy, and decision of character." But it is, Mr. Ropes thinks, "impossible to credit him with strategic skill. It was his fault that Jackson was not utterly defeated, a fault due entirely to his [Pope's] failure to seize Gainesville on Aug. 28. It was his fault that the battle of the 80th was fought where it was and in the way it was, and without the reenforcement that two or three days would have brought him." Nevertheless Mr. Ropes, while pallinting none of Pope's errors, will not admit that the results of his campaign, though grave enough, were so catastrophic as they have often been depleted. An excessive depth of shadow has been employed by some historians of Pope's discomfiture in order to impart a somewhat factitious luminosity to the onsulng success at Antistam. It is not true, Mr. Ropes says, that "the structure or organization of the army had been broken up of in any way affected," though he concedes that "its morale had been impaired." He feels constrained to challenge in distinct terms Mr. William Swinton's assertion ththe structure of the [Pope's] army was complotely dislocated; half the men had abandoned their colors and only these broken battalions

lay between Lee and Washington." Of Gen. Porter's disposition of his troops on the day when he was pronounced by the court martial guilty of a disastrous breach of duty. Mr. Ropes will say nothing more severe than that "in two points they seem open to criticism." He questions the efficiency of Porter's measures "for the ascertainment of the strength and composition of the enemy's forces in his front. This was called for, not only from a regard for his own safety, but to insure an intelligent and successful cooperative movement, in case an attack should be ordered after communication with McDowell had been established. But his dispositions to that end seem to me to have been quite inadequate. How he managed, with the very slight reconnoissance that he ordered, or rather that he sould prevail on Morell to undertake—how he managed. I say. to find out as much as he did is rather a mystery to me." But, after all, the pertinent question is not how but whether Porter found out the facts which it was indispensable for him to Mr. Ropes does not fail to add that "it is now established by the Confederate testimony that a large force was directly in front of Porter, say ten thousand men, during the whole of the afternoon, and more than that number

at one period." Mr. Ropes is also of the opinion that Gen. Porter "might have made such demonstraions with his corps as would have drawn to that portion of the field a considerable part of the enemy's force." But it is presently acknowledged that Gen. Porter apparently contemplated and directed a demonstration of the kind. "I think." save Mr. Ropes, "the orders to Morell show that Porter himself recognized this." viz., the necessity of the diversion mentioned. Summing up the impression left upon his mind by all the evidence bearing on this point and other points, as it was disclosed or ventilated before the Board of review. Mr. Ropes says: "Believing as we certainly may, and as I certainly do, that Gen. Porter was entirely innocent of any intentional disregard of duty, that none of his acts or omissions to act sprang from any unwillingness to render to Gen. Pope all the service in his power, we are yet, I suppose, quite free to regard him as fallible, like other men. In the vindication of his character by the Board I entirely concur. Still, in reviewing the whole case, I may frankly say that I think he might have done more than he did during that afternoon [Aug. 29, 1862] to ascertain the strength of the enemy, and also to attract their attention, and thus relieve the main army. But I cordially concur, as I have said more than once, in the verdict of the Revising Board: and I trust that such action will speedily be taken as will at last remove the stain of dishonor from a faithful and gallant

Rare Ben and Poor Dick.

It is becoming plain that the new series of "English Worthies," now publishing by the Appletons, will be differentiated mainly by readth from the series of "English Men of Letters" projected by Mr. John Morley. The greater will include the less and a great deal besides; there will be room in the gallery of professional and social life, in the military and naval services as well as in literature. Thus of the seven volumes so far issued, one is devoted to Darwin, another to Mari-borough, a third to Admiral Blake. Then come the lives of Shaftesbury and Raleigh, each of which had points of contact with literature, though they were not the points most prominent in the eyes of their contemporaries. In the two latest contributions to this series, on the other hand, Ben Jonson, by J. A. Sy-MONDS, and Richard Steele, by Austin Donson, we have the biographies of men who were nothing if not literary. In regard to Jonson, such a statement is subject to no qualification; and although it is true enough that Steele was in a small way a soldier, and a rather busy politician, it is only by reason of his writings that he possesses the least interest for posterity. But while it may have seemed at first sight a venturesome proceeding on the part of Mr. Andrew Lang, the editor of this new collection, to go over ground occupied or preempted by Mr. Morley, the two books before us carry their warrant on their face, for they are masterpieces of brief biography. From one point of view the task of Mr. Symonds was more difficult, because the materials were far more scanty and illusive, the first quarter of the seventeenth century being a strangely obscure period of English history compared with the first quarter of the eighteenth century, about which we have so much minute informa The theme, too, was an awkward tion. one in view of the popular audience to which this series is directed, because for one man who has read Jonson's comedies, a hundred are more or less familiar with Steele's papers in the Spectator, Another disadvantage under which Mr. Symonds labored was shared by Mr. Dobson; it is true alike of Jonson and of Steele that each has been unduly overshadowed, and, so to speak, shouldered aside from his rightful place in historial perspective, by the towering proportions of a greater contemporary. Shakespeare keeps Steele: it is the specific merit of these small but valuable books that they will do much

perhaps as much as is achievable-toward re-

Mr. Symonds's account of Ben Jonson, the

criticism of his writings, may be described as

dressing the injustice,

on the whole a summary rather of impressions than of verifiable facts. It is astenishing how biographical outline communicated in conversation by Jonson himself to Drummond of Hawthornden. Whether he ever matriculated at a university, whether he was apprenticed to working mason, whom he married what he did during the six years between the date of his marriage and the appearance of Every Man in his Humor" all this is only the subject of conjecture or report. We know that he was always poor, but why, with all his industry, and with much help from influential friends, he was never able, as Shakes pears was, to extract a competence from the playhouse, is not discoverable. Yet, although the details of his life remain obscure even after his reputation for wit and learning had been impregnably established, his personality is certainly not a vague one. The impression made on his contemporaries by his parts, his character, his temperament, was so deep and so distinct that it is seized easily and firmly by every student of the times. Indeed, it would be easier for most of us to recall his personal aspect and his table talk than to furnish off hand even a meagre analysis of the charac ters and incidents in the "Fox" and the "Alchemist." Mr. Symonds, indeed, is aware that Ben Jonson's dramatic writings are more talked about than read, even by mon tolerably well acquainted with the Elizabethan and Jacobean eras. has accordingly rendered his critics, as well as his readers, a service by a detailed description of the plots and personages in Jonson's comedies, a service which, we may be sure, will be silently appreciated even where it is not openly applauded. Of the two tragedles, 'Sejanus" and "Catiline," Mr. Symonds speaks but briefly, though he does not dismiss them with Mr. Swinburne's contemptuous Imputation of "flat sanity and smoked-dried sobriety." Mr. Symonds has Dryden's strong encomium in mind, and we wish that he had quoted it in full, for he evidently feels that it is justified by the massive qualities of Jonson's tragedies. He admits that these two plays are distinguished by the eminent qualities of "sustained dignity of language and trenchant character drawing ; that they compel our interest and admiration by their "rugged Roman strength;" and that from them may be culled "passages of great poetle beauty, noble images, and weighty maxims; that in fine Jonson made no idle boast when he called attention to his "height of elocution." and to his ."fulness and frequency of sentence," the last word being used, of course, in the sense of the Latin sententia. In this comedies Mr. Symonds finds even more decisive proof that no playwright of the age, except Shakespeare, had so eminent power of characterization. "Volpone, or the Fox," moreover, is extelled for the in genuity of the fable, and although one or two objections to the plot, regarded as an approach to constructive perfection, are pointed out, it is acknowledged that "few extant plays exhibit a closely connected an intrigue." Mr. Symonds is careful to dispel the strange misconception about the purity of Jonson's comedies. The public tasts of his time was low enough, but h never pandered to it in the sense of permitting his art to "palliate immorality by addin the charm of pathos, wit, or poetic beauty to vice. His plays, though often coarse and nusty, are never licentious

indeed, he treated wickedness of every

kind so sternly that even his best plays fall

to win our sympathy from the utter atrocity of

aginative, acquisitive, and ratiocinative, and

of his place in English literature, Mr. Symonds

says happily, in a concluding chapter, that

"his throne is not with the Olympians, but

with the Titans; not with those who share the

divine gifts of creative imagination and inevi-

table instinct, but with those who compel our admiration by their untiring energy and giant

their characters." Of Jonson's powers, im

strength of intellectual muscle. Nor shall we be far wrong in saying that of all the English poets of the past, he alone, with Milton and Gray, deserves the name of a great and widely

learned scholar." Of Richard Steele the prevalent impression is undoubtedly derived from the delineation of him by Madaulay and Thackeray. To those who bear in mind how many of the historian's judgments have been reviewed, and how apt were the great novelist's estimates to be biassed or colored by instinctive prepossessions, we commend the last chapter of Mr. Austin Dol son's book, in which he aims to show how Steele has suffered at the hands of Addison's panegyrists. To a cold, inert, and common place nature like Macaulay's the excesses and weaknesses of a jovial, effusive man like Steele were insufferably offensive, and there is no doubt that Thackeray was a good deal like Addison in his diffidence, his sensitiveness, his exclusiveness, his jealousy, his pride. There are still living members or ex-members of the Garrick Club-Edmund Yates is one of them-who will tell you that Thackeray, like Addison, liked to "give his little Senate laws," and after a deprecatory, well-bred fashion, sit attentive to his own applause." And could we get at the whole secret of Thackeray's reverence for Addison, we should probably find ranked among the latter's truly Illustrious achievements the fact that the "supreme Spectator" became a Secretary of State, and died the husband of a Dowager Countess of War-

Mr. Dobson's estimate of Steele's character is more equitable than Macaulay's, and more bonestly sympathetic than Thackeray's. There is not a trace of succer or innuendo in it. We advise readers of the "English Humorists" and of "Henry Osmond" to compare it with the corresponding passages. his lifetime he seems to have presented the spectacle of a weak will contending with an honest purpose, and to have prompted in the critical that envious and inevitable comparison of his precepts and his practice which had assailed him in his capacity of 'Christian Hero. Yet he was not in the least a hypocrite; his love and reverence for virtue were, as Pope said, real. But his quick enthusiasm and his impressible temperament often betrayed him into actions and landed him in dilemmas which meaner men would have easily avoided. Most of his faults are to be traced to this cause. But along with those faults he had conspicuous merits. With all his inconsistency he is strangely consistent in some things. In his first book, in his plays, in his essays, he has always one end in view-the improvement of human nature and the reformation of society. In politics, when so many wer changing sides, he never wavered in his principles, nor, at a time when the tone of politics morality was notoriously low, does he seem ever to have sacrificed his opinions to his interest. He was unswerving in his loyalty to his friends; he was the most loving of fatherand in days when marriage was a lighter tithan now his devotion to his wife may be calleromantic. There have been wiser, stronger greater men; but many a strong man woulhave been stronger for a touch of Steele's in dulgent sympathy; many a great man has wanted his genuine largeness of heart, many s wise man might learn something from his deep and wide humanity."

Book Notes

Susan Coolidge's "What Katy Did Next" (Bobert Bros. Boston) is a sequel to her "Katy" series. No prettier story was ever written for children. The Petersons of Philadelphia have republished Fashion and Famine," one of the late Mrs. Ann a tephens's earliest and most popular novels.

A pathetic story is "Stient Pete," by James Off Harner's) describing the fortunes of two young stoaways and their strong mutual attachment.

Laura J. Rittenhouse is the author of a poem entitie

Out of the Depths," which has been published in taste ful form by Frank E. Housh of Brattleboro, VL. It re lates a pathetic story in smoothly flowing verses.

A beautiful neture book for children is "One Day in a Baby's Life" (Roberts Brothers). It is adapted by Susan Couldge from the French of M. Arnaud, and is lius trated with colored pictures of a charming characte "Pingleton; or, Queer People I Have Met," by Taibo Burke (W. T. Burke & Co.), describes with considerable humor the experiences of Mr. Pingieton, a sort of rustic Pickwick, in his travels about the city of New York and

We have received from Burroughs & Mountford o man, as distinguished from the exposition and Trenton, N. J., a plentifully litualizated work, entitled "The Potter's What," by W. S. Harris, which desertes instinct and progress of the pottery industry in the Juited States.

We have received No. 1 of the third volume of the Harvard Bunthly, a well-printed serial, edited by under-graduates. The leading article is an appreciative notice of the late Henry Hobson Hichardson, the architect, by "Chivalric Days," by E. S. Brooks (l'utnams), com

prises a series of well-told nurratives, illustrating cer-tain heroic and picturesque incidents in history. Several of them have already been published in St. Nichota. The illustrations are numerous and good.
"Sermons, Old and New," by Archbishop French (Ap-

detons), are models of fluished and eloquent discourse. That on "Baxter and the Saints' Rest" casts muc hgut upon the character and writings of one of the most fervid divines that ever spoke from the pulpit. Roberts Brothers' English edition of the works of M. Batzac has just been increased by a volume contains the novel of "Cousin l'ons." The story is one of t most profound and interesting among the works of the great writer, and the translation is quite satisfactory. "The Christmas Country and Other Tales," by Mary J. Safford (Thomas Y. Growell & Co.), is a very charming collection, in which fairs fore and legend are pretty equally distributed. The greater part of these stories s translated from the German, and among them will e found several old favorites.

H. B. Kirk & Co. have sent us a volume entitled "Th Errors of Prohibition," containing the elaborate argu-ment delivered in 1887 by ex-Gov. John A. Andrew before a joint special committee of the General Court of Massachusetts. It is conveyed in clear, often in ele uent language, and may be considered exhaustive.
The veteran among works on the gastronomic art is
'Francatchi's Modern Cook," of which twenty-six editions have appeared. It has been republished by the Petersons of Philodelphia in a carefully revised form and with large additions. Not the least merit of this work is that it adapts itself readily to all sorts and condi-

tions of kitchens.

The first number of the Quarterly Journal of Econom ics, published for ilarvard University (George H. Eith Roston, is a well-printed pumphlet of DS octave pages, containg articles on the pressing commits questions of the day. Its leaving seems to be toward the new school of theorists, and rather against the usually accepted

doctrines on disastan and economic subjects.

Mrs. Emily Thornton Charles is an industribus journal
ist, but she has found time to write almost countless songs, pastorals, roundelays, and madrigals, which, at pearing in the columns of newspapers and magazines, have given pleasure to thousands of readers. The J. B. Lippincott Co. puodan a volume of Mrs. Charles's "Lyrical Poems," wherein part of the fugitives are collected. Under the title of "Children's Stories of American Progress" (Serlingers, Happings, Magazines, Magazi Progress" (Scribners) Henrietta Christian Wright has produced an elementary history of the United States, in which are recorded the prominent political, social, and military events and the advancement of the people in the industrial arts since the formation of the Union. The author writes concisely and clearly, with a laudable desire to be strictly impartial.

There is more good poetry in ... one hundred pages of John Boyle, " sellty's " In Bohemis" than in a bundred of the volumes of methetic verse which we recently bare had occasion to notice. Mr. O'Reilly has the sense of artistic form, but he has a great deal more than that. We has creative immination, delicate insight, and a vivid and glowing diction. The Bohemia which he dedicates "to my four little daughters" is a very de lightful place.

Ticknor & Co. publish in sumptuous style a large illus-trated edition of Scott's " Lay of the Last Minstral," the freshest and most characteristic of his metrical re manges. The illustrations are for the most part adm ble in design and execution. The landscape pictures are perhaps the best, although in a few cases, such as the view of the Eildon Hills, which the wigard Michae Sents "cleft in three," the natural features of the sca-

have been somewhat exaggerated by the arrist.

The Harpers publish, under the title of "Castle No. vhere: Lake Country Stories," a series of tales by Con stance Fentmore Woolson, which have already appeared in American magazines. The lake country they refer to is that of our own great takes, a region with which Miss Woolson appears to be familiar, and the character istic features of which she describes with singula exactness. This is a charming volume of light reading Mr. George H. Picard's "Old Boniface" (White, Stoke & Allen) contains several good sharacters, notably those of the old Scotch radies-Lady Duff-Gordon and Miss Jessic Geddes—and is written in an agreeable style, with interesting incidental references to London and its suburbs, wherein the scene is laid. But the plot is so tediously and unskilfully developed that the reader's attention must occasionally be severely taxed. With the material at his command the author would have ions better to reduce his story to one third of its length

and Other Poema." No gold do we find—only such be wildering stoff as these lines to Victor Hugo:

wildering staff as these lines to Victor Hago:
Hero, he smots with sword of flashing light,
And smote to Tyranny's vile inmost night:
With Freedom's caim stars shinting grandly bove,
His eye silway on truth, his heart on love;
He shook naughty crowns and thrones, that mocked all
human moans:
For earth's voiceless throng, wove nobler human song,
That will rise each morn, like dawn far over night,
For Time's vast dome he filled with bymns of Right.
Mr. W. H. Mallock's last novel, "The Old Order
Changes" (Putnams), as its title implies, has more or
less to do with the social revolution which, in the
opinion of many persona, is now impending in various
quarters of the civilized world. The extinction of the quarters of the civilized world. The extinction of the English aristocracy is considerably more than hinted at. It also develops an intricate love tale with that nise discrimination of character and grace of style for which the author is distinguished. As a story it is too long, but not even the abundant sermonizing or socialistic talk and oratory can seriously lessen the interest in what may be conidered one of the most brilliant novels of the year Some of the characters are drawn from life, including

that of Foreman, who stands for Mr. Byndman.

"Familiar Taiks on Some of Shakespeare's Comedies" (Roberts Bros., Boston) comprises a series of paror lectures delivered by Elizabeth Wormsley Latimer before a class of ladies in Baltimore. The title is ap-propriate, as the style is colloquist and familiar, and the author's ideas are conveyed very much as a teacher would instruct a class of pupils. Each play is analyzed in a simple and attractive manner; the author criticises character, plot, and situation with perfect freedem, and has doubtless disclosed to her hearers beauties they had never before appreciated, besides inciting them to a more intelligent study of the great dramatist. Her remarks are neither specially original nor profound, but she has produced an introduction to the Shakespearean comedies which ought to be read with Charles and

Mary Lamb's familiar "Talesfrom Shakespeare." An anonymous author has produced a novel, entitled "A Boston Girl" (Belford, Clarke & Co.), which purports to be a story of Hoston, Bar Harbor, and Paris. He presents social life in Boston to the reader in a fascinating light. Conversation seldom seeks less stupendous themes than the Platonic philosophy, and the heroins. the Boston girl, whiles away odd moments over the pages of the "Chilous Tyrangus" to the original Greek At Bar Harbor pionics all the guests fairly liable over with learning, and it is no uncommon Using for one or more of them to improvise verses of considerable merit. The mental cultivation of most of the characters is so oppressive that we are glad to believe that such people are less frequently encountered in actual life than the author would induce us to suppose. The plot is involved and dramatic, and not always easy to follow. The de-

scriptions of scenery around Bar Harbor are good.

We can cordially commend "A Step Aside" by Charlotte Dunning (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston) as a well-written and well-constructed story. The characters are few, but each one appears to have been studied from life, from M. Vairey, the high-minded old teacher of painting in a fashionable school for girls, to Mrs. Terry, the boarding-house keeper in the region east of First avenue. The plot dears principally with two young lovers, who are led astray from opposite motives and become simost estranged, but are reconciled in the end. The man, in his eagerness to obtain the means of marrying, embezz'es the property of his employers, while the woman, yielding to selfish motives, prefers a life of lux-ury as the companion of a rich woman to immediate marriage with the man of her choice. The story is a omewhat sad one, but points a wholesome moral. The some is laid in the city of New York, and the local color

ing is unusually correct.

The first number of the Art Review, a new monthly magazine to be published in New York, will be issued about the 25th of this month. In each number there will be an original ciching, made for the magazine by one of the leading American etchers, and three photogravure reproductions of American artists' work, so that a year's is-ue of the magazine will include twelve original etchings and thirty-six copper plates. In the first or October number will be an etching by P. S. Church, entitled "The Dreamers." The three photogravures of the number reproduce paintings by J. Car-roll Beckwith and Francis C. Jones, from the collection of Mr. Thos. B. Clarke of New York, and a piece of statuary, "David before the Combat," by Geo. T. Brew ster, an American pupil of Mercie. The contributors to the October number include Charles De Kay, Geo. Par sons Lathrop, Mrs. Schuyler Van Rensseiner, and S. H Koehler. Mr. De Kay writes of "Whistler, the Head of the Impressionists," and Mr. Lathrop's article is or Novelty in American Art."

"A Oreck-English Lexicon of the New Testament." (Harper's), is a translation of Grimm's Wilke's Clavis Novi Testamenti, by Prof. Joseph Henry Thayer of Harvard Divinity School, with additions and such changes as were needed to adapt the work to the needs of English-spenking students. It makes a quarto of more than seven hundred pages, the paper, printing, and binding of which leave nothing to be desired. The original German edition was completed in 1888, and intantly wan recognition from German critics as the best work of the kind that had ever been made. The trans lator began his task in 1804, and has been engaged in it, with occasional inforcuptions, ever since. The result has been to place in a single volume, in the hands of American students of the Greek New Testament, the fruits of the latest researches into the language of the sacred book, and to furnish him with the fullest infor-mation on every disputed point of interpretation. With such excellent qualities, the book takes it. place at once mong those standard publications without which no

scholar's library is complete.

In his "Coutributions to the Science of Education" (Harpers), Mr. William II. Payne regards it as a hopeful sign of progress in education that we are now entering upon the discussion of principles and doctrines; but he deprecates the idea of an approaching revolution in educational theory and practice. A better future for the schools, he thinks, is inevitable, but the growth must be slow and halting, ami proceed from past conditions and products. The main data for the establishment of a rational art of educating are to be found in the current systems of philosophy and psychology, and enough of such data exist to lay the foundations of an improved system of education. Within this field he has attempted to work, and his discussion of the subject is learned. philosophical, and cambid. He has unquestionably the courage of his convictions, and does not besitate to crit cise sharply such authorities on the science of education as Pestalozzi and Herbert Spencer. We commend to the attention of the reader his chapters on "The Mude of Edneational Progress.", "The Secularization of

More than fifty years ago James Atkinson of the East India Company's service published an abridgment in English prose and verse of the Persian post Firdausi's Shah Kameh," a stupendous spic in sixty thousand couplets, recording the achievements of the Persian Kings from Katumers (the Adam of the Pire Worshippers) down to the invasion and conquest of Persia by the Saracens in 63s, an estimated period of 3,600 years. A new edition of this wors, with an introduction by the author's son, the Rev. J. A. Atkinson, has been issued by Frederic Warne & Co. The "Shah Nameh" was sintaked in the eleventh century, and, in the opinion of so eminent a scholar as Sir William Jenes, is not unworthy of comparison with the Homeric epics, to which it bears considerable resemblance. Mr. Atkinson considers Firdausi, on the whole, the sweetest as well as the most sublime poet of Persia. His verse is exquisitely smooth and flowing and never interrupte by inverted and harsh forms of construction. The nar rative in its level passages is translated in a great! abridged form, into proce; in the more elevated passages into blank verse or rhyme. Prominent among the latter is the story of Sohrab, reproduced in rhymed heroics. From this version Mr. Matthew Arnold has adapted his "Sohrab and Rustum." He has, however, so far deviated from the original story that his poem may be said to be, in most respects, an original creation. But in epic dig-nity and simplicity, in pathos, and even in his pictures of Oriental scenery and manners, he appears immeasu ably apperior to the Persian poet.

HENRY GEORGE'S SENTIMENTS. Uncontradicted Utterances of the Labor

Candidate, With all its drawbacks, horrors, and shortcomings, the great epoch of the French revolution, now but a century

cone is about to repeat itself here. I will loosen the bonds of the police and make them

servants of the people, as in London, Berlin, or l'aria. If we were to get an archangel from heaven to serve as Mayor of New York, he might work temporary re-forms, might "turn the rascals out" and put good men in, but it would, after all, be like writing in water if the system were unchanged.

I will not allow any headlums of the police force to set as Judge, jury, and executioner, and club anybody who they think ought to be clubbed.

The best system of voting is the Australian system new introduced into Great Britain and Ireland. The method of voting which originated in Australia and has now been adopted in Great Britain and Ireland would do much to purify our politics.

As Mayor, of course, I sould not carry out thes views. But the election of a man known to profess cer-tain principles brings those principles into discussion, and it is an evidence of the will of the community, and

I am an absolute free trader. I am much more of trader than the Cobden Club or the Free Trade League, and a tariff for revenue only seems to me a victous in principle as a protective tariff.

I believe in freedom in all things.

I want to be Mayor merely because I am the repre sentative of principles I believe in, and for the success of which I have done and will do all that's in my power

By Justus Schuab.

Just wait until we sleet Henry George and you will see some things in this city that were never dreamed .! From all the Newspapers of Oct 9.

Miss Lillian Rozell Messenger brings no message from George Engel (convicted Americal in Chicago, pleading in self-defence) said he read Henry George's works ceptive Futnams a volume entitled a "Vision of Gold.

PORMS WORTH READING.

Strongth for To-day, From the Boston Transcrip Strength for to-day is all that we need, As there never will be a to-morrow; For to-morrow will prove but another to-day, With its measure of joy and sorrow.

Then why forecast the trials of life
With much sad and grave persistence,
And wait and watch for a crawd of life
That as yet have no existence? Strength for to-day; what a precious boon For earnest souls who labor. For the willing hands that minister To the needy friend or neighbor.

Strength for to-day, that the weary hearts
In the battle for right may quall not,
And the eyes bedinmed by bitter tears
In their search for light may fall not. Strength for to-day on the down-hill track For the travellers near the valley. That up, far up on the other side, Ere long they may safely rally.

Strength for to-day, that our precious youth May happily shun temptation, And build from the rise to the set of the sun On a strong and sure foundation.

Strength for to day, in house and home To practice forbearance sweetly: To scatter kind words and loving deeds, Still trusting in God completely. Strength for to-day is all that we need, As there never will be a to-morrow; For to-morrow will prove but another to-day, With its measure of joy and sorrow.

IC.

From the Railway Life.

If I were a railroad brakeman,
My whispers would be so piain,
That the man who was going westward
Would surely get home aram.
I'd open the door for the ladles,
And show them all to a seat,
And earry their parcels and what-nots
In a manner becoming and reat.
I would cultivate trues of silver
Whenever I had to speak,
If the company would give me a salary If the company would give me a salary Of fifteen dollars a week.

Of officen dollars a week.

If I were a baggage master,
I'd handle the tranks with care,
I'd handle the tranks with care,
They should never be fired in a corner.
Nor suffer a scraich or a tear;
I would treat their handles genity,
And regard their contents, too,
Ro that when they reaches the owner.
They would seem as good as new.
I'd calitivate all the virtues
Of the centle, the mild, and meek.
If the company would give me a salary
Of twenty dollars a week.

Of twenty dollars a week.

If I were a railroad conductor,
I would always any, "Tickets, please,"
The most pole to the ladies.
I wouldn't knock down any money
That was given to me for the fare;
No spotter need be appointed,
To make me work on the square;
No gick need be made by a traveller,
No lick need be made by a traveller,
No tak queal, not even a square,
If the company would give me a salary
Of thirty dollars a week.

None Will Miss Thee. From Chambers's Journal.

Few will miss thee, friend, when thou-for a month in dust hast lain; Shifful hand and any arrows brow, Tongue of wisdom, busy brain— All thou wert shait be found, And thy prace shait know thee not.

Shadows from the bending trees.
O'er thy lowly head may pass.
Sighs from every wantering breezs.
Nor the long, thick, churchward grass;
Witthou head them t. No; thy sleep.
Shall be dreamless, calm, and deep. Some aweet bird may sit and sing On the marble of thy tomb, Soon to fit on Joyous wing From that pince of death and gloom, On some bough to wathle clear. But these songs thou shalt not hear.

Some kind voice may sing thy praise, Passing near thy piace of rest. Fonds take of there are is But no three within thy breast Shall respond to works of traise, Or old thoughts of other days.

Since so fleeting is thy name,
Talent, beauty, power, and wit,
It were well that without shame
Thou in God's great book were writ,
There in golden words to be
Graven for etermity.

Edelweles. From Macmilian's Magazine,
Take, dear lady, take these flowers,
Children born of sim and showers.
Simmer sun and winter sin w
Crushed the rock from which they grow;
Strength of immensorial chalk
Fed the fibres of their staik;
Lightning, turricane, and storm
shaped their planey of form;
Grean and slown with varying away
Which, the loving hearts, enough
In the midst one spot of good.
Fearless head and steady foot
Tracked the crudle of their root,
Now a link in friendehip's chain
From the in untain to the main.
Nurshings of the central sea,
Such as late I gave to thee,
Link the senses, charm the cys,
Bloom and wither, breathe and de.
These, by sterner process made,
Ni w y gentered, slowly fade.
And they thomy where or they fare
Lady, take these simple flowers,
Emblem meet of sun and showers.

Occan Browni Prom Macmillan's Magazine

From the !Toronto Truth. I never kin forgit the day
That we went out a waikin',
An' sot down on the river bank,
An' kept on hours a talkin',
He twisted up my apren arring,
An' folded it together,
An' and he thought for harrest time

Twas cur'us kind o' weather The sun went down as we sot there-

Josiar seemed uneasy,
And mother she began to call,
"Lowezy!" oh, Lowezy!"
An' then Josiar spoke right up,
An' and Was just a-startin,
An'said, "Lowezy, what's the use
Of us two ever partia'!"

Ot as two ever partin' I'.

It kind o' took me by surprise,
An' yet I knew 'twan comm',
I'd heard it all the summer long I'.
I'm weak with new in the fact,
I'm and the summer long I'.
I'm and the summer long I'.
I'm and the history lover from him,
But sectual as if he knew it.
An' lookin' down into my eyes.
He miss' a seen the fire.
An' ever since that hour I've loved.

An' ever since that hour I'veloved An' worshipped my Josiar.

A Port's Dream of British Politics

From the London Morning Post. "That they all may be one!" That they all may be one!" That under and daughters, Tenderly like the like the Graces in lave. Glidling the globe, over make, over waters, May be unded, beneath and above! Here, on this orbe upper leanisphere olden, There, on that younger had circle beneath, Beergwithere shall one sweet amount of the Beergwith and above Bagland's fair scions in olive twined wreath.

All to be one! What a bleat Federation,
Britain, imperial Queen of the World!
Sealed as one heart, one life, and one nation,
Under one Gross, one standard unturbed,
Owning one law of religion and reason,
Speaking one language, and rich in its wealth;
Froud of the part, and the brigin present season,
And the grand future of hope and of health.

So may the whole world's glorious communion, Nature a: 15 cience and Commerce rejuce, Growing together in one happy union, Filling the welshi with gratifiede's voice: Canada. Africa, Zediand, Astraide.

India, continents, tries of his sea, Adding your jewels to lititain's regalis, One with Old England, the home of the free! MARTIN FARQUIAR TUPPER.

The Post's Watt. From Tid Sits.

Prom Tist Wit.

O, the autumn days are coming, when the bees have stopped their numming, and the partridge ions is drawning in the copes upon the hill.

When the leaves are slowly faiting, and the sable crow is calment the the copes upon the hill.

When the leaves are slowly faiting, and the sable crow is calment the theory is proposed in the sable crow is calment the theory is a significant of the terms of the theory is a significant of the terms of the theory is a significant of the theory is a significant of the theory is a significant of the the sabon when the woods are all formaten, and the messlow larks have taken flight across the fallst forlight.

The the season melancholy, days when nature is not joily soon the welcome Christians holly will be bung! the banquet hai:

Sooss of winter will be o'er us, and the season soon will bore us when in manner quite decorous we must seek the evening ball.

For the summer days are over, withered are the fields of clover, and each merry woodland rover on his haunts ne more can dote;

And the question now, my dearie, that doth make me feel so weary, is the old one, dark and dreary, can I wear last winter's coat?

Wiggins,

From the Strannah News.

His name is Wiggins, as it rhymes with Spriggins and the Milesian Higgins and such Ske fry;

He could beat an Oyeecheen nigger in selentific figgerin' on the social status of a quadrilateral ite. In solar science he could bid defiance to Sir Humphrey-Davy or Uny Lussac; He could form conjunction or other function without computetion, with Mars and Venus, that would best Medius's, and other planets in the selar treax.

His steak commercial was Hind and Herschel, Hum-boldt, Strabe, Kepler, Marius; Astrology, bielegy, demonstratory, cycloneology, and the mabula in Hagittarius.

With well-planned fictions and shrowd restrictions he'd make predictions of wind and weather; But all his guessing turned out distressing and as de-pressing as a much-soaked feather. Now, heat tellurio, and gas sulphoric, and throes usurie rand earth and rock.

So, Wiggins trying, his probhesying, his long tongue ly ing sets women crying, and strong men dying to avoid the shock.

But this seismoingist, this Perkiniteologist, has now no apologist for his fuchsit prank! His egregious blunder is a nine days' winder. He may go to thunder, the tanadan crank! The Ethics of Tuste.

Mamma (in coupé, consulting her shopping mamns in coupe, consulting her shopping into-Now, taske, for these welding presents. I think we'll send Elien Forsythe a tea cloth. Mrs. Forsythe told me the other day this presents would not be displayed. What hice, sensible people they are, by the played, which hice, sensible people they are, by the bells gets you may be such a latinusers averything Arabelled. Bothing short of a cilver si wew and duly labelled. Bothing short of a cilver si we are bronze will de for her. Tell James to drive to Talany's. QUEER WRINKLES.

A Touch of Pathon, Constance (sentimentally, viewing ruins of an old mill)—There is always a touch of pathos to me

Clarence, in incompleteness; that crambling wall, the breast wheel a shattered life— Clarence, gloomily (thinking of last night)—Or a beb-tail flush.

Hard to Make a Living.

I find it very hard, sir," said the butcher, as he weighed his left arm and a comple of pounds of steak for a customer. "to make any profit in my business." "How's that !"Because ! have to keep so much dead stock on hand."

The House of Mouraing. Fashionable Widow (just before the funeral) -Are you sure, Eimor, that the notices read "kindly

omit flowers?"
Pashionable Daughter—Oh, certainly, mamma.
Pashionable Widow—How very odd, then, for only
forty-two emblems and eighteen boxes of cut flowers
have come. What She'll Make of Him. "Ah, Mrs. Tompkins, that's a fine boy," said

Flumier, patting the landlady's son on the head. "What do you intend making of him !"
"Well, I think of making a policeman of him. He never can be found when he's wanted." An Artistic Wardrobe. Friend (to young artist)-Isn't your shirt a

little ragged, Charley ! ttie ragged, Charley ? Young Artist—I'm afraid it is. Friend—Weil, why don't you change it ? Young Artist—Because the other one is ragged, too.

Proper Self-respect. Philadelphian (to New Yorker)-Why do you

New Yorkers wear buttonhole bouquets in the morning ! Isn't that putting on a good deal of style ! New Yorker-Perhaus it is; but New York is different from Philadelphia. We have to have a proper record for our personal appearance, because there are diways strangers in town, you know. Let's walk a little faster.

Some Good Advice. Tramp-Please gimme ten cents, sir? Tramp—Pricase gimme ten cente, air of Gentleman—Will, I gave you ten cente an hour ago.

Tramp—Pill bet you five dollars you didn't.
Gentleman—I haven't got that much money with me.
Tramp (with some discust)—Will, don't make statements unless you've got money to back 'em up.

A Coming Pleasure.

"Mr. Featherly," said Bobby, ignoring his mother's signal to keep still, "did you ever hear pa Whistie!"
"No. Hobby," laughed Featherly, "I never have had "Well, you will," went on Bobby. "He told ma that he lent you \$3 last night and that he expected to whistle for it."

Better Than a Dactor. "I feel depressed to-night," remarked a large, down-town trunk manufacturer to his wife. " think I have a touch of malaria."
"I fancy it will soon pines away," repiled the lady, without much concern. "Why don't you go around to the Grand Contral attained and watch them bandle trunks for an hour. That will brighten you up."

He Got Want he Ordered. Boston barber (to customer)-Five cents

more, please.

Customer—But I didn't want no hay rum.

Reston barber—Yes, you said you didn't want no hay rum, and so he gave you some. That's right, sir. Five cents more, please. Keep her Down.

Wife-John, dear, shall we get a light or leavy tombstone to place on mother's graver Busband (with suspicious emphasis)-Heavy!

A Terrible Missomer. "Pa," said a little east side Harlem boy, "why to they call the building we live in a French flat? "Because, my boy," repited the old man, as he stepped out into the atreet to take his overcoat off, "because there is nothing like it in all France.

THE REIGN OF THE SHORT MEN.

Coming Mayor Hewitt is barely five feet four. In an average company of men he is obliged constantly to look up while in conversation. A ten minutes' talk with him compels the brainsest men to look up to his His force and power are all above his shoulders. The handsome and vivacious Theodore Rossevelt 1

thort in stature, but he is well proportioued. In crowd e I assemblinges he seeks a chair or bench to stand upon white speaking. In gatherings where such informalities would be undignified, Mr. Rosesveit speaks under some embarrassment, though he conceals it. Sunset Cox will measure back to back tust about ever

with Abe Hewitt. Yet in Congress be has so often proven a David to Republican Gollaths that no one ever thinks of him as a small man. Mr. Cox is able to make his presence felt without such adventitious aids as inc soles on his boots or a chair or desk for a platform. Gov. David B. Hill's eyes are cast upward as he talks with most men, for he is short. But he is one of those who appear shortest when first seen, and seems togrow

in size whenever one meets him. That is because he im presses men with a forceful manner, a clear intellect and a suggestion of great power held in reserve and complete control. Dan Lamont carries an old head on young shoulders and short legs. President Cleveland could almost button any conv. him inside of one of the capacious executive overcoats after he had himself put the coat on. Dan's influence in

the White House, however, is to be measured inverse; to the inches of his height. On the top of Col. Mike Cregan's new silk hat Mr. less could easily rest his chin while the hat was

on Mr. Cregan's head. Yet the Colonel has been able to keep his hold on the handle of his machine, while little Mr. Ronsevelt was able to palsy Mr. Hess's grip. Bandsome Ed Cleveland, the next Democratic Gov-

ernor of Connecticut, is short. He has simple girth however, and a complexion like a healthy youth. Ex-Gov. Tom Waller would have to stand on his toes Giant in Connecticut, and expect some day to see him stand in his proper place in the United States Senate.

Senator Spooner of Wisconsin is only five feet three, he would not have made the efforts necessary to overcome the prejudices of the Wisconsin lumberme against little fellows.

Jay Gould is so short that youths' sizes in trousers fit him. Yet he looms like Samson before the Philistines among the business giants of the world. Putl Sheridan is only five feet four, yet the people in

the Shenandoah valley twenty odd years ago thought that mighty warrior was rushing down to overwhelm Judge Duffy is so short that he is everywhere known as the little Judge, yet as he tils upon the bench at the Tombs he impresses the men who face him with a sense of mightness, and in Tanamany Hall they think him a power second to none.

Salmon P. Chase's Victory Over his Body.

Prom the Circland Leader.

During Salmon P. Chase's latter life he was noted for his magnificent physique. He was six fest tail, and as straight as a lake superior oak. His form was jerfectly rounded. He wasked with dignity and looked a king among men. He dressed well and doubtless ield some pride in his personnel appearance. In early life he was rather stooped, and as to toy was noted for his awkwardness and slouchiness. He lived at this time with his strole, as Episcojan Hishop of Ohio. One day your standard was a sentence which showed that the major has ask the question, your salmon everloard a man ask the question, your salmon everloard a man ask the question, your salmon everloard a man ask the present on him as he based, and couped with he regizar was a sentence which showed that the major has regized when the him he began a series of gram as nature, would let him. He began a series of gram as nature, elses, and, by years of work, completely gradicated the angies and deformities of his body. A story is told that he once injured himself in these exercises, and that while swinging the dumb tells he felt something give way inside of him and dropped them to the door. He hacame insensible, and was for a short time unwell. When he recovered he found, it is said, that he could throw his shoulders back as far as any one, and that the stoop which was so noticeable before had entirely disappeared. From the Cleveland Leader.

Mr. Jay Gould's Car and the Telegraph. From the Omaha Heraid.

The train on which Mr. Jay Gould and party are traveling is a combined rations office and paines on wheels. Telegrams and cablegrams are represented and sent on board, while stengrambers and typswriters ply their rocations the same as if seated in their grinty offices in New York and Chicago. The entire managerial business of the system is transacted from this train. Whenever Mr. Gould or one of the other heads wants to send a telegraphic order, a slimber with appread to book accords a telegraphing from the train mixes on. The figure of the trains and affaces a wire, and when the message has been answered the train mixes on. The figure for telegraphing from the train mixes on. The figure of the trains the train while raining was not prepared for this train but it will be affired to the wires next trip, and the frain train as it whirzes through early after thrown from the train as it whirzes through early after thrown from the train as it whirzes through the train as it whirzes through the train as it whereas through the train as it whereas through the message to be sent by found in the said or weeks, and the operator, after sending the passage written the original message and envelope to the general superintendant's office.

Fishing with Whiskey Bottles.

From the Chicago Heraid.
Why, they know of no other way to fish up at Why, they know of no other way to fish up at Lake Villa near the Wiscensin line. I'll tell you how it's done. The hairse up there hay a hottle of whiskey and drink the contents. Then they put the cork back in the bottle fashen about five feet of like around the neck, and bait like hook with a minnow. When they reach deep water they throw the hottle away from the beat and wait for results. Of gourse the kottle is as buoyant as a cork, and the action of the waves has bee effect of Republic the strength of the waves has been effect in Respling the bait in a constant state of agitation. If and by liver Pickerel comes along and anals at the oscillating minnow. The book catches him before the oscillating minnow. The book catches him before water water along minnow. The book catches him before the section of the surface. The natives in the beat made along on the surface. The natives in the beat made along any shop or whiskey poker, out the minute the boil of control of the surface and begin to pull out for the bottle is captured and the big equirming pickered removed from the line the head is subtacted and the taskie known overboard again. CURIOUS FEATURES OF ACTUAL LIFE

A Priest Killed at the Altar.

The tragic death of Father Kavanagh has caused a great sensation in Dublin, where he was well known as one of the most prominent and eminant cleraymen of the Irish Catholic Clurch. Later particulars from Kildare show that his death was not extended by the fail of the siter, but by the fail of the site of the siter of the site of From the Pall Mall Gasette.

Six Hundred Skeletons in the Boof.

From the St. Jamer's Gasette.

Blace the annexation of Nice to France in 1870, the former bommon Church has been used as a military bakery. A few days ago it become necessary to examine the root, and the architect was horrifed to find in the gard about 900 skyletons them offended. Medical elegant that they must have been buried at legal three or four centuries ago. It appears that the Nice was occupied by the French troops in 1700, the monks were expelled from the building, and the Church of St. Dominick was converted into a matter of st. Dominick was converted into a matter of the stream of the s From the St. James's Gazette.

A Convict's Ruce for Life. From the Washington Star.

A Convict's Race for Life.

Prom the Warkington Star.

Henry Estes, a white convict, was brought to Birmingham, Aia., from Becount springs quarries, to be taken to Jefferson county to stand trial for horse stening. Eates had been sent to the Biount quarries for early days and his sentence expired Scurday might. Saturday morning he made a bold deah for inherry, knowing that he would be taken to Jefferson county staturday might, lie was working on the top of the limestone quarry, which is one thousand feet negronicular at one point. The rock stands out a few feet, cough to hide a man from view, which he singled belind and crawled on his alifours the distance of two hondes day yards, pulled up the distance of two hondes and and teeth him of the single distance of two hondes hands and teeth him of in the air severs it mes and at health the distance of two hondes, he was constituted in the life of the property of the same was constituted in the life of the property of the same his hands were so distered. When he run is a contribution is field on by his teeth to a small sagony, because his hands were so distered. When he run is the top he was exhausted, and laid down to rest. He was awakened by the yelp of the bloodhounds, who were looking for his trail, which they had found, but could not follow up the cliff. He got a start and ran like a deer over the mountain roads and through guilles and on up cliffs. He elused the hounds, and was climbing over the linestone cliff of Jack Banket Monniau, twelve miles distant, when he looked across on the other mountains, a distance of three miles, and saw Messer. James Hanley and Yun King on horseback, riding Affel of the could be deed to the could be could be deed to the could be could be trailed the roads of it.

Old Mr. Mercall's Souterel Hant.

From the Hartford Times. From the Harfford Funct.

J. B. Motcalf, a resident on Bolton mountain, who is now a little past \$2 years, one increased re-duction took down his old gun, and with a dog started for a quirred hunt. Searing himself down under the branches of an eak he saw above him a dark object larger than a quirred. Taking aim, a coon fell to the ground, which the dog killed. In the same tree another dark object was seen. Loading the gun, the second shot was made, and a account coon fell dead. The venerable Niurod managed to get home with his game, which tipped the scales at 9% pounds each.

Salmon Wouldn't Tell.

From the Cleveland Leader. Salmon P. Chase went to Dartmouth College, and I think graduated there. He was a lively boy, and while in school life was part of this manifests. Fact of his chool life was pent in Chelmant, and suring this time there was a fire made in one of the rooms. The boys were all onlied up and catediated as to its erigin. All except these denied all knowledge of the affair. When the question was put to him as to whether he knew who had lighted the fire he replied:

"I do."

and hences are "" "I do."
" I do."
" Who was it?"
" I wi i not tell."
" I wi i not tell."
The Professor grew angry. The President was called in and Chase was sight seked. He sight refused, saying: " Mr. President, I did not intend to insuit Prof. Blank, but I am not going to be. I know who made the fire, but I will leave the school before I will become a "" sale." tell tale."

As he said this his large intellectual eye looked
squarely into that of the President, and the latter full
spirecished that he meant it. He said that he would
excuse Chase this time, and dismissed him with a slight
reprimand.

Dan Lamont All Over.

From the Syracuse Standard. This story of Col. Daniel S. Lamont has come out of the Canadian wild, where he went afishing. Sucamped on the Trent River, near the balasma on whose being is the private secretary and his picentorial companions slept, were a native lumber man and family. Col. Lamont desired to preserve his incognito, and was therefore introduced to such fishermen and hunters as were shown and in think of the little man with the red moustands as the Lord Chamberian of the American governmental household. After he had gone, however, called back by business, the neglibory lumbermas came into camp with an impury as to the identity of "that friend of yours, Lamont."

"He is the private secretary of President Clovelind," was the reply. was the repir.
"You don't say so! Is that the man we bear so much shout at Washington!" "The same."
"Weil, I wouldn't have guessed it, but come to thing of it, he is a cute feilow. Do you know, we gut well acquamied yesterday up the river, as I though, but when I come to go over the conversation I received that he jearned all about me and my husiness, but I don't know the first blanned thing about him."

The Muid and her Tatlor. From the Chicago Journal. "I like a tallor-made dress much better than my other," observed a young lady in the course of a I like a falior-made dress much better than any other, observed a young lasty in the course of a conversation the other day, "but the last experience I had with a man mobilet was so morthlying that I redistered a solemn you never to have a descimale by any other hands than those of womanism. I ordered my dress, and on a certain day the tailor, who distributed the second of the consider reality fashiomatic, sent an that you men consider reality fashiomatic, sent an that you men consider reality fashiomatic, sent an ideal case had several tailor-made suits before, and had siways as had several tailor-made suits before, and had siways as had several tailor-made suits before, and had siways waste of the dress woman. Well, this muth part of a man ushered in the a little dressing room, and, tossing the wait of the dress over the back of a chair, he bade me put it on and them ring the bell. I did so and he materialized instead of the female assistant I had expected. There were no elevest to the waist, and I was mortified beyond expression."

"But," I interposed, "you wear fashiomable ball tollets and batting suits."

"They are different," sile responded, with true femiliar for the sile that tailor pinched and pushed and first that tailor pinched and pushed and first that tailor pinched and pushed and first that tailor pinched and pushed and first that the charges the evers going to hav me for the save market. The fewers going to hav me for the save market. The fewers going to hav me for the save market. The fewers going to hav me for the save market. The fewers going to hav me for the save market. The fewers going to hav me for the save market. The fewers going to hav me for the save market. The fewers going to hav me for the save market. The fewers going to hav me for the save market. The fewers going to have me the said.

Uncle Harvey's Silppers.

Tucle Harvey's Silppers.

From the Chicago Berald.

While the Herald is talking about the express business it may as well tell a joke on Uncle Harvey Colvin, that annable gentleman who draws a nice salary for walking not the United States Express Company's office once into the United States Express Company's office once may be planting his big cane on the floor, and watcains a they planting his big cane on the minutes. When Uncle has work for ten or fifteen minutes. When Uncle has work for ten or fifteen way did an act of kindness for a good winnan, who mives for a good winnan, who mever forgot him, and who, after the winner for partitude still survived. Just attended to the same the way are say, Mr. Colvin received a letter from the lady in which she saked the size of his after from the lady in which she saked the size of his after from the wished to make him a nice pair of altipers. Uncer a the wished to make him a nice pair of altipers. Uncertainty, which is ten, and adding. "You had better send them by express. Mark them to His sweet or so along came the slippers, with 50 cents." *D II." has better send them by express. Mark them.

In a week or so along come the sileners, with 50 cents charges to be paid under the rules. Each of the sileners was neatly marked with orange and blue silk needle work "D. II."

The Joke on Sam Collyer.

From the Chicago Hatt. In the days when the Rev. Robert Collyer occupied the pupit at Unity Church his son fram was of course a regular attendant at the services. H. G. Withnew, as on of Thomas F. Withnew, the lawyer, used to pass the collection box—"corn-poper," he called it, his was found of a joke, and one "unday he saw a chance to perpetrate one on fram. Sam had been quite attentive to a young inly, and had at last musiered up sufficient courage to bring her to church. When the collection plate came around he reached in his pocket, pulled out a nickel, and, with semalderable ediat, dropped it in the box. Had drew book the plate, faused out the nickel, and, handing it hack, whispered:
"I can't make the change te-day, ram. You should see to that yourself before coming to church."

An Easy Solution of the Question,

An Easy Solution of the Question.

From the Chicago Hail.

When the Wisconsin Central road was building its line to Chicago, in passing through one of the small Wisconsin towns the tracks were laid directly behind a Methods tourch. The Methodiste grumbled, but took no definite action in the matter until a tank was built so close to the church as to keep the light from the windows. Then they draw up a patition setting forth the damage that had been done, and requesting 8500 with which to remove the church. The Presting the the damage that had been done, and requesting the tought and when he received the petition that the grade the could do something for the Methodists, and when he received the petition to the theory of the method of the could do something for the me

At her Great-grandfather's Wedding.

From the Cooper County Leader. From the Cooper County Leader.

Miss Dellie Ross has been specially favored.
At 8 o'clock F M. Thursday week, she had the piessure
of attending the marriage of her great-grandfather. He
was 75 years of age and was married on the above date
to Mrs. Allen, who is axed 65 years. This, no doubt, is
one of the most remarkable weddings that has happened
in Cooper county. Having passed over the maily difficuities of active life, they have now but to live in rest.

A Pulr of Pears. From the Minneapolis Tribune.

A reporter was much surprised yesterday afternom to see two entrinous pears, accompanied by a man, entering the inturious apartment devoted to the new of the local newardsheers of the paper. The gentleman proved to be Mr. E. Dowers of this city, who explained that the fruit was grown by Cait John Cochrahas of Clackmas county Oregon, and brought to Minapolis by M. T. Van of Hubbard, Marion county, Oregon, The pears are of the variety known as 'pound pears,' though counderably exceeding a nound in weight. One weighted I pound 12th ounces and was lainches in circumference, while the other was two ounces lighter and measured 12th inches for the circumference, while the other was two ounces lighter and measured 12th inches for the pears growing on the tree. The alternamples of the pears growing on the tree. The alternamples of the pears growing on the tree. The alternamples of the pears growing on the tree. The alternamples of the pears growing on the tree.